

THE LITTLE UNITY.

** TENDER ♦ TRUSTY ♦ AND ♦ TRUE. **

VOL. II.

CHICAGO, JULY 1, 1882.

No. 8

ANTS IN WINTER.

S. MINNS.

Have you ever wondered what becomes of all our insects when the cold winter days are come, and how they spend the time until summer returns? Very many insects, it is true, live only one summer; but there are others which live several years, and even build themselves homes for shelter, and of this kind are the ants.

These homes, or ants' nests, as they are called, are usually built in the earth, but not always. Some ants make their nests among stones, or under the bark of trees, or even by cutting into the wood of trees when this is old and decayed. But wherever the nest is, it is always built in this way: In the part farthest from the entrance, or in the deepest part of it, if it is in the ground, there is a cave or vault. Above this are many compartments or halls, with little tunnels or galleries leading to the entrances. There may be one entrance or there may be several, but they are all carefully closed when the ants are in the nest. It is in this cave or vault that the ants take refuge from the frost and cold of winter.

A Swiss naturalist, named Forel, has written a large and very interesting book on the ants of Switzerland. He tells us that as winter approaches the ants withdraw gradually into the cave in the lower part of their nest, with their larvae or young, if there are any at this time, among them. Here they form a heap or ball, hanging one to another, and remain almost motionless and torpid until the return of spring.

They do not act in this manner voluntarily, but as the cold increases they become benumbed, and take shelter here, a few at a time, as the best place for them. Some of the more hardy workers still go out in the middle of the day, but they move with rather a languid step, and at last even these stay with the rest; and if the nest is opened later, all the ants are found in a torpid condition. During warm winter days a few ants may be seen walking about near sheltered nests. These are hardy workers, which have revived for a few hours. This often happens in exceptionally mild winters, and it makes some writers believe that certain kinds of ants do not become torpid at all.

In the Canton Vaud the farmers dig up the ants' nests with a spade and leave them, like clods of earth, to freeze on the surface of the ground. They think they can destroy them in this way. But Forel has taken out torpid ants from these nests, when the inner walls were crusted with ice, and they would come to life after he had held them a few minutes in his hand. There were never any dead ones among them.

By careful experiment Forel found that a mass of ants together possesses a slight amount of heat; not more than one or two degrees, however. A deep nest also is not only much warmer than the outer air in winter, but a little warmer than the earth around it. The ants seek the vault of their nest for the warmth, though this is not sufficient to keep them from becoming torpid. But Forel thinks they seek to avoid moisture, and especially ice, for should an ant be caught in water which was freezing, it would probably be crushed or torn by the expansion this undergoes.

As the sun warms the earth in spring its rays penetrate the ants' nests. The shallow ones near the surface, or those under thin, flat stones, feel the warmth first. It takes a long time for the sun to penetrate to the deep old nests. But sooner or later the ants begin to stir and make their way up out of the ground. The snow and ice have probably broken down some of the upper tunnels and rooms, and in freezing and melting have stopped up the entrances, so the ants are blocked in and have to dig their way out. As soon as a way is made they all crowd out and warm themselves on their dome in the sunshine, without going away from the nest for several days. They form a little heap, without motion, but if alarmed or disturbed they rapidly disappear, sinking back into the ground.

In the high Alpine pastures Forel found that the ants were torpid the greater part of the time, the cold there is so intense. Sometimes they are only active a few hours in the middle of each day for two or three months in the year.

The ants of warm countries do not become torpid in this way, of course. They are much more active. But in hot climates there is a rainy season instead of winter, and then ants may have to stay in their nests and live upon food stored up for that time.

When winter is over the ants set to work on their nests to repair them, or to build new ones. How they build them I may tell you in another paper.

During some unusually severe weather in January, a fox and two cubs took refuge in a barn among the cows. Though she lay very quiet in a far corner, her sharp nose and flashing eyes were soon seen, and the men wanted to hunt her out. But the farmer said, "No; it never brings any luck to hurt a creature that trusts us in this way." So the dogs were kept out of the way. In a little while the weather grew warmer, and the fox took her departure. A light fall of snow showed how, with her two little cubs beside her, she had gone slowly away across a wide plain into the woods. The track led up a rough hillside in the woods, and was lost among the rocks of an old, deserted quarry.

USES OF SICKNESS.

Eva was complaining because she was sick, and she could not see the *use* of sickness. Her older sister, Anna, told her that even sickness had its use, or uses, for there were many, and bade her try to think what they could be. Eva promised. This is her conclusion, although it is not given in her own words:

Sickness teaches us that there are laws of health which we must follow if we would avoid pain. As children cannot know these laws, they must learn them from their parents. But children are often careless of their parents' teachings, and they often disobey their commands; so, when sickness comes through this carelessness or disobedience, it teaches them to be attentive and obedient to their parents' wishes.

Sickness leads us to sympathize with those who suffer. If we ourselves never felt pain we could not so readily feel for those who are ill and suffering. Thus we are made kind and tender toward the sick, and we are ready to do all we can to restore them to health.

Sickness makes us more thoughtful of the comfort of our friends. When we are sick they are given much care and anxiety. As we see this, we resolve to do all we can to keep well, that they may not have to bear this again. We should certainly try to keep well, far more for the sake of our friends than to avoid suffering.

Another use of sickness is that we may learn to be patient even in the midst of discomfort. All through our lives we will have to meet many disagreeable and trying experiences, but if we acquire patience the discomfort and trial will not be half so great; and in these circumstances we shall be less a trouble to our friends and to ourselves if we are patient.

These uses of sickness Eva thought about. There are others which children may learn of if they will think as earnestly as she did. Here is a mention of just one more. Sickness sometimes develops a very beautiful character. There was once a lady who was a constant invalid; yet she kept her mind so bright, so interested in pleasant thoughts and things, every one who visited her sick-room found it a delight. Although she could not do for her friends those services we, with our good health, can render one another, she yet could speak the cheerful, encouraging, uplifting word. No one ever came away from her without feeling better and stronger. Thus she was of more use in the world than many with the best of health; and she was a noble example of a determination to rise above the ills of life.

A. M. G.

Right habit is like the thread on which we string precious pearls,—the thread is, perhaps, of no great value, but if it be broken the pearls are lost.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found the walking fern who did not have the walking fern in his mind. A person whose eye is full of Indian relics picks them up in every field he walks through.—“Locusts and Wild Honey.”

THE LITTLE UNITY.

40 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

One copy, per year,	50 cts.
To subscribers for UNITY , or twelve to one address, each,	35 cts.
To Clubs or Sunday Schools, single or in quantity	25 cts.

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Departments: *Associate Editors:*
 WHAT TO SEE. Miss Cora H. Clarke, Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass.
 WHAT TO DO. Mrs. K. G. Wells, 155 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
 Communications for the Editor to be sent to Hyde Park, Ill.; for the Departments, as above.

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as second-class matter.

In John Ruskin's study is the motto “To-DAY,” and he says in his writings to young girls: “The happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days, but they are to be, in the deepest sense, solemn days. See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature.” In another place he says: “Girls should be like daisies, nice and white, with an edge of red, if you look close, making the ground bright wherever they are.”

Wait until 4th of July itself is almost here before you begin to spend your pennies for torpedoes and crackers; and until it is *really* here before you fire them. If you keep popping away for days before it comes, your enthusiasm and your pocket money will both be dribbling away, till there is but little left for the day. Not that popping crackers is the only or the best way of showing your appreciation for Independence Day. It is the most common one, but perhaps some of you are finding better ways each year. Whatever you do, don't waste half your frolic by stealing bits of it before its time. It reminds one of the children who run into the house every hour or two and get a piece of bread and butter—if their mother will give it to them—and then complain of not being hungry at dinner-time.

How would you children like to put off all your birthday celebrations now and wait until you were seventy years old for one, in the meantime filling all those years before with such useful labor, such wise and wide-spoken thought that the long-deferred merry-making should be a time of honor and an occasion for rejoicing by friends and co-workers all over the country? On the 14th of June, 1882, the seventieth birthday of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” was celebrated by a delightful garden party on the grounds of ex-Gov. Clafin, at Newtonville, Mass. This was the first “birthday party” she ever had! It was a very large company, and many men and women who have written the books we all love to read were there. Poems which had been written for the day were read aloud, and ever so many people made speeches and told what they remembered of the time when they, as children, first read “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” that greatest of Mrs. Stowe’s books, which did so much to stir people and rouse them to fight against the slavery of the blacks in the South. Then, last of all, Mrs. Stowe herself told them what she had lately seen in the new free life of the black people; how they had worked and become able to hold property of their own, and some of them been greatly prospered.

It appears that the civilization of the average school boys and girls of our country is considered by the Indians of Western Iowa to be of a very questionable kind, and they are quite opposed to sending their children to our schools, lest the process of "enlightenment" should bring about like behavior. The following extract from a Tama Co. letter, which we find in the June *Dayspring*, given in an article called "A Lesson in Good Manners," speaks for itself:

"They say our schools spoil their children; they want to bring them up in their own way, and make them good and upright men according to their rules and opinions. They say whenever they pass one of our school-houses during recess the boys will pelt them with mud-balls and set the dogs on them; they think schools should teach better manners. A few weeks since, while visiting Washington with a delegation of chiefs, I took two chiefs to visit the Smithsonian Institute, and while returning, some school was let out, and the boys followed us and pelted the Indians with apples until we got out of their reach. The old chief remarked that was the way we educated our boys,—to be ill-mannerly to strangers; he said if your people were to visit our town, their children would never utter a word, but behave with the utmost decorum."

This is a hard reflection upon our homes, rather than our schools. The Indians are quite right in thinking that morals and manners are as necessary a part of education as arithmetic and spelling, but it is the home teaching that should do it, and so leave the school hours free for the books.

CHILDREN'S MORNING SONG.

All through the night
The angels bright
Have stood around our beds,
And while we've slept,
Their watch they've kept
Above our pillow'd heads.

All through this day,
In work or play,
Lord, lead us in thy way;
And may its close
Bring sweet repose,
With dreams of heavenly day.

—Selected.

WHAT TO READ.

Have any of the bright boys and girls who read the LITTLE UNITY ever puzzled their heads over the "Eastern Question," of which the newspapers were so full two or three years ago? If so, then I will tell you where you can find out all about it. Read "Zigzag Journeys in the Orient," by Hezekiah Butterworth, published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. It is a charming book, from its fantastic covers and tinted paper and clear type to its convenient maps and bright stories and bits of description and plain presentation of facts and ideas.

From this book you may learn why Russia is so anxious to drive the Turks from Europe and take possession of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and why England takes the part of Turkey, and says to Russia, "Hands off, neighbor!" and why other powers of Europe must also be consulted about the settlement of disputed questions between Russia and Turkey. It will also give you the story of Montenegro and the Montenegrins. It will show you excellent wood-cuts, representing the dress and appearance of the people who live in different provinces of Russia and Turkey, and also pictures of famous mosques and cathedrals, and various interesting scenes. When, in fancy, you have spent a

few days with Master Lewis and his pupils, Tommy and Winn, in Vienna, visiting churches, libraries, museums, picture galleries, etc., and then have taken a steamer with them down the blue rolling Danube, as far as Belgrade; then, dressed in wide Turkish trousers, traveled on horseback down through Servia to Novi Bazaar, where they took the cars for Salonica (the Thessalonica of the New Testament, to which two of Paul's letters were written), then by steamer again through the Straits of Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora, and on to Constantinople, the city of minarets and domes, and, alas! the city of dogs and dirt and narrow streets; when you have gotten lost with Tommy, and taken a Turkish bath, and heard the dervishes howl, and visited the beautiful mosque (once a church) of St. Sophia, and the Sultan's palace, and then have taken steamer with the party across the Black Sea to Sebastopol and Odessa, then traveled with them by railroad to Moscow and St. Petersburg, talking by the way with a handsome young Nihilist; the whole way from Vienna enlivened with delightful company, with songs and stories, and talks with Master Lewis about the interesting objects they met—I say, when you have taken this long journey with the party, have seen through their eyes all the wonderful sights, have learned something about the relation of these countries to each other, and the new struggle for freedom which is going on in Russia, then you will almost feel as if you had been with them, and you will be far more intelligent about the Eastern Question than you are now, and will understand who is "The Sick Man of Turkey," and just what is the matter with him.

L. E.

THE BOYS WHO ARE WANTED.

"Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything;
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchword of 'I can't,'
But the noble one, 'I'll try.'

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task;
'Put your shoulder to the wheel.'

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will."

—Selected.

The silent eye is often a more powerful conqueror than the noisy tongue.

If an opinion is not true, we are bound to change it, if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.—Archbishop Whately.

Like a beautiful flower, full of color but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.

Whoever is using this set of S. S. lessons may like to know that "Duty," by S. Smiles, is in the Franklin Square series, No. 151; price, 15 cents, and in the Seaside Library, No. 891; price 20 cents. Mrs Sunderland's references to the bound edition can usually be found in these copies, by dividing her page number by five or six: it usually falls between.

"Unity" Sunday School Lessons—Series XII.
HEROES AND HEROISM.

BY MRS. ELIZA R. SUNDERLAND.

(*Most of the references in these lessons will be to Samuel Smiles' "Duty," a copy of which each teacher will need.*)

LESSON IX.

HEROES OF PATRIOTISM.

I. DEFINITIONS.

What is patriotism? Who are patriots? What do we mean by "our country"? Is it the land of the United States, or the Government, or the people, or the institutions, such as schools, and churches, and homes, or does it take all these together to make "our country"? Then will the true patriot love and try to preserve all these? Does the country one belongs to make any difference in his life? How? What difference would it make in your life if you were a citizen of Russia or China instead of the United States? Are the free public schools and colleges of America of much value to the children and young people of America? How? Do Russia and China have such? Is it of much value to live in a country such as ours, where every citizen has the right to help choose the rulers and help make the laws of the land? How? In our country the poorest and meanest citizen has his rights respected just as much as the richest and best man; and the poorest boy, if he tries, may become the greatest man in the nation; is this true in all countries? Are we not under special obligation to love the country which is not only our country, but which does so much for us? When we love friends we like to show our love; ought we to, and how can we, show our love for our country?

II. WARRIOR HEROES OF PATRIOTISM.

Soldiers are more frequently thought of as patriots than any other class of people; can you think of any reason why? What great wars has our country been engaged in to need warrior patriots? What was the cause of the Revolutionary war? What did America gain by it? Was what gained of much value? Who was the great hero of the Revolutionary war? Who will tell anything about Washington which proves him a hero of patriotism? (See "Duty," pp. 191, 192; also any "History of the United States," or "Life of Washington.")

What was the cause of the war of the Rebellion? Was it a real good, worth fighting for, to keep our country from being divided and to free four million slaves? Ought the men who did it to be honored as patriots? Name some of the distinguished heroes in this war. Who can tell anything about the brave deeds of General Grant? of General Sherman? of General Sheridan? of Admiral Farragut, or others? Which is most talked about and honored, a great general or a common soldier? Which is paid the most? Which has the hardest time? Which is in most danger of being killed? Then which do you think is the greatest patriot,—that is, shows the greatest love for his country in fighting for it? Let us remember this when we are tempted to forget the common soldier in our admiration for the famous general.

III. PEACE HEROES OF PATRIOTISM.

Our great and wise Unitarian minister, Dr. Channing, says of war: "It is the concentration of all human crimes. Under its standard gather hatred, rage, fraud, cheating, murder. It turns man into a beast of prey." Talk with your teacher about this, and see if you can see how Dr. Channing was right, and that war does do all these terrible things.

If war is so great an evil, would it show the greater patriotism to be a soldier and fight for one's country, or to be a wise statesman and good citizen and help to prevent war? A statesman helps to make the constitution and laws of a country, the treaties with foreign nations, and the public opinion which enforces these. (Do you know what that last means? Ask your teacher.) If laws, constitutions, treaties and public opinion are all wise and just, do you not think a country could nearly or quite always keep out of war?

Our country has had some very noble statesmen patriots,—such, for example, as John Adams, and Alexander Hamilton, and Thomas Paine, and Benjamin Franklin, and James Madison, in our early history; and Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, and Abraham Lincoln, of later times. Who can tell what any of these patriots did toward making constitutions, or laws, or treaties, or right public opinion? Will not the older boys and girls each read the life of some one of these men?

But only a few people can be statesmen. How can others show their patriotism in times of peace? Horace Mann gave his life to establishing and improving our public schools; and Horace Greeley edited for twenty years a great daily and weekly paper, in which he always tried to advocate the right in every question. Do you not think they deserve to be called true patriots for such work?

Dr. Channing says: "A patriot, before voting, is bound to inquire into the moral character of the man he will vote for, and into the honesty truthfulness and uprightness of the party principles he supports." Suppose each of your fathers and each of you, when you become voters, and all the rest of the voters in America, should always vote only for good men and honest principles, would not that show true patriotism? Ask

your father about it. But what can those of us who cannot vote do to show our love for our country? Does the real wealth and prosperity of a country consist in large territory and much money and property, or in the intelligence, honesty and right-doing of the people? Then cannot each one of us prove ourselves patriots by just making ourselves the wisest, most honest, and most industrious girls and boys and men and women possible; and by doing all we can to help others to become intelligent, honest and industrious?

LESSON X.

HEROES OF PHILANTHROPY.

I. DEFINITIONS.

Meaning of this long, hard word, Philanthropy? Have you ever known any person who "loved everybody," and was always "ready to do good to all men?" Ask your parents and teacher if they have. What would you call such a person? How would a *philanthropist* be likely to show his love for mankind? Would a few kind acts prove a person to be a philanthropist? Suppose the good was done only to one's own relations or friends, or that it was done for money, would that make a person a philanthropist? A great teacher once gave a rule of life so valuable that it has been called the "*Golden Rule*;" who can repeat it? If all of us lived up to this rule we should all become philanthropists, should we not? Who, then, may we call the great teacher of philanthropy?

II. SOME EXAMPLES OF NOTED PHILANTHROPISTS.

1. *John Howard*.—(Teacher read or tell the story of Howard's life: "Duty," pp. 267-274.) What was the great work that John Howard did? What first led him to think of trying to reform prisons? Through what countries did he travel to visit prisons? What were some of the bad things he found in these prisons? Why would it be bad to put the man who had only stolen a loaf of bread, when very hungry, into the same dungeon with the burglar or murderer? Why not put young boys and girls who had done wrong into the same room with old and very wicked criminals? How many years did Howard spend in this work? How far did he travel? How many dollars did he spend? Where did he get this money? When people do wicked things and get into prison, do you think good people ought to spend their time and money in trying to make them better and more comfortable? What would the Golden Rule say? I wonder if lying and stealing, and doing other wicked things, are not kinds of disease—sickness of the soul—just as small-pox and consumption are sickness of the body, and if we should not pity and try to cure the one as we do the other? Talk with your teacher about this.

After Howard had done all he could for prisoners, what did he determine to do next? Was he not in danger of losing his own life if he went where the plague was? Was it right for him thus to risk his own life? What would the Golden Rule say about it? What did Jesus once say about losing one's life and saving it? (Mat. 16: 25) What does that mean, do you think? I wonder if it is possible to have the soul buried in selfishness, just as the body is buried in the ground, and if that isn't, after all, the worst kind of death? Talk with your teacher about this. How did Howard die? Was he a hero, do you think? Why? A hero of philanthropy? Why?

2. *Florence Nightingale*.—(See "Duty," pp. 220-222.) Who was Florence Nightingale? Was she rich or poor? pretty or plain? friendless or with plenty of friends? Is she still living? What did she first do to show that she was a philanthropist, i. e., a lover of mankind? When she grew a little older what did she do? She had means to travel or she might have had a pleasant time at home; why, then, did she undertake the hard and disagreeable work of a hospital?

After Miss Nightingale had been nursing in hospitals for some ten years a dreadful war broke out; who will tell the name of the war and the nations which were engaged in it? Where is the Crimea? Why did Miss Nightingale go to the Crimea? Had educated and refined ladies ever before gone to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers in an army? Was it easy and pleasant work? Was it safe work? Why not? What were some of the hard things Miss Nightingale did for the wounded soldiers? Have any other educated ladies ever followed her example of going to nurse wounded soldiers? Who can tell about the work women did for sick and wounded soldiers in our War of the Rebellion?

3. *Dr. Howe, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Dorothea Dix*.—Who has ever heard of Dr. Howe, who gave his life to helping the deaf and dumb? Is it easy to make deaf and dumb people understand you? Suppose they were also blind, would that make it any harder? Well, Dr. Howe found a poor little girl who was deaf, dumb, blind, and could not smell anything; and he gave his life to teaching her. Can you think how he would begin? Who will find out the poor blind girl's name, and how much Dr. Howe taught her?

I would like to tell you of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who gave his life to trying to help the slaves get free; and of Dorothea Dix, a Boston teacher, who gave years of time and labor to helping the insane, getting laws passed, and herself raising the money for building nineteen hospitals for the insane. And then she saw that they were built and put in charge of good men and women. But you will have to read about these and other noble philanthropists for yourself.